

THE DAILY HERALD.

Salt Lake City, - - Utah.

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TWELVE PAGES.

EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

CAREFUL COMPUTATION will show 1,000,000 more "Democrats" in the United States now than there were three weeks ago.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN JONES in the full name of the late chairman of the late Republican National Committee of the late Republican party.

"BETTING is the curse of American politics," howls a Republican exchange. And 1,000,000 Republicans all over this fair land join in the chorus.

"THEY FAT goats in California," says an exchange. The Republicans of that State are eating crow, also, at least as far as the electors are concerned.

A WESTERN paper has an article about "A Girl on Corsets." We may be pardonedly ignorant of the matter, but it has always struck us that the corsets were on the girls.

BOSTON Courier: A man so familiar with a yacht as is General Butler must be aware that when a boom swings around too suddenly it is very apt to knock somebody overboard.

POOR BLAINE! It was bad enough to be beaten and left a dead-head in the enterprise, without having every cheap Republican editor in the country point the finger of scorn and say: "Didn't I tell you so?"

MONSIEUR CAPEL made a good point against the tirades of abuse that were indulged in during the late campaign when he said that it was the bad side of our election that showed an attempt to pull down the character of the men who were to rule us.

THE STATISTIC friend has been at work on New York and has figured that the late election cost \$1,383,440, which he divides as follows:

Expenses of candidates	\$1,236,800
Expense to the State and county	\$136,640
Total	\$1,383,440

THERE is wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Tribune composers. Nearly all of them, it is said, were foolish enough to "follow their leader," and stake their hard-earned ducats on the "Plumed Knight." There was one Democrat in the office, however, and he scooped in enough money to take him back home in flying colors.

LOGAN is the worst defeated man of the party. He has lost the Vice-Presidency and in grasping for that shadow he has lost the substance of a seat in the Senate. The Illinois Legislature is either Democratic, or so close that Logan's election is entirely out of the question. Well may "Black Jack" exclaim: "Things has went agin me." [E.]

It is claimed in New York that W. H. Vanderbilt, Cyrus W. Field, and General Hancock, were among a large number of notables who failed to vote at the recent election. Their neglect has caused considerable comment among those who know them. General Hancock has been specially criticized for failing to cast his vote with the party which honored him the nomination for the Presidency.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-Democrat is out with its nomination for the Presidency in 1888, and here it is:

For President:
SOME MAN WHO HASN'T WRITTEN ANY LETTERS.

To which it should append:
For Vice-President:
SOME ONE WHO HASN'T SO MUCH RELATIVES.

It is now claimed that the Republicans in New York were never in doubt as to Cleveland having a plurality in that State; and that the object of Blaine and the National Republican committee in charging frauds in the New York elections was to frighten Cleveland and his advisers to terms in reference to the present Supreme judges. In about two years four of the judges will have attained the age of 70 and will be retired, and Messrs. Gould, Blaine & Co., are anxious to designate the parties to fill the positions. All the same, Grover Cleveland will not bow to the hat.

AD the Bago. To captivate the popular taste and surpass all previous efforts to please the palate, requires no small amount of knowledge and no little skill, and when we remember that the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is as beneficial to the system, as it is acceptable to the stomach, we readily understand why it is the universal favorite as a cure for Habitual Constipation and other ills arising from a weakness, or inactive condition of the Bowels, Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. Sample bottles free and large bottles for sale by all Druggists. Z. C. M. I. Drug Store Wholesale agents.

FASHION AND GOSSIP.

Sunday Solace for Our Lady Readers.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Smoking Sisters—The Glamour of Poison Ivy—A Terror to Bachslors—Yes.

Caramels.

An Indianapolis firm is offering baby buggies on payments.

A witty contemporary writer defines flirtations as "attentions without intentions."

"Tis madness to defer," said the poet. Had he been a married man he would have written, "Tis madness to differ." [Philadelphia Call.]

It takes a fashionable lady three hours to dress for a fashionable dinner, and then nothing but her head and shoulders are visible above the table. [E.] And usually these are undressed.

The cab question is likely to be satisfactorily settled in Paris. It is proposed to employ women as steady drivers. One fashionable lady has a woman coachman, dressed like an Albanian.

Miss Kate Field has become the possessor of a perfect copy of the first edition of the Book of Mormon, published at Palmyra, in New York, in 1830. Its title page announces Joseph Smith as "author and proprietor" of the book, and that it is the word of God. Late editions omit this statement. [Inter Ocean.]

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years."

"Twenty-two, if you please," sobbed the widow, in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

It is said that when Belva Lockwood was trying a case before Chief Justice Cratter the other day she got into a legal snarl. "I should like," she said, in a nettled voice, "to have your honor advise me what to do next." Slowly and with a stammer the witty chief justice said: "Mrs. Lockwood, the court would advise you to employ a lawyer." [Boston Post.]

"I hope you are happy, my dear," exclaimed the benevolent old lady.

"In the happiest woman in the world," she replied.

"You are married?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is your husband's business?"

"He is a sea captain, and has been away from home for nearly a year."

"Poor dear! how unhappy that must make you."

"Think you misunderstood me. I said that he had not been home for nearly a year."

Fashion's Frenzy.

Velveteen skirts for dresses are fashionably trimmed with bands of fur.

Knitted black stockings are the latest craze among fashionable young ladies.

In making up the female form divine for promenade padding is carried to an extent approaching deformity.

Muffs are shown of woolen goods lined with fur, or with merely a fur border simulating a lining.

Poppy red velvet is used in blue cloth costumes. Red squirrel bids fair to rival gray for cloak linings.

Chenille will form a leading feature, mingled with gold and silver braid, for both capotes and large brim hats.

Clusters of autumn foliage in velvet are arranged in sets for the bonnet and muff decorations to be worn later on.

The sets of natural beaver (cape and muff) are in great demand for young ladies, but offer most convenient to caps, bands for trimming and the like, its expense extending in the way of its use for more important purposes.

This season the straight skirts suggest the employment of fur in wide bands round the bottom of walking dresses of velvet and velveteen and many are thus finished. Coats, too, are thus bordered, the simple lines suiting well material and trimming.

There is but one little change to note in the fashions of furs. The most important this season is the introduction of a cape with long, square ends, after an old fashion worn a hundred years ago. This is a very elegant garment, only made in handsome furs.

The Education of Girls.

That girl has the best education, who is the most thoroughly qualified to take care of herself in a hand to hand fight with the world. Who has a basis of good judgment, practical knowledge, and common sense, in which to start in her self-sustaining career. Who is armed with the able weapon of a trade or profession with which she is familiar, and whose conduct is governed by exacting principles of natural integrity.

Such a girl possesses a fortune in her own right which no fluctuations of business circles can depreciate, and who will never become a drag upon opulent and unwelcome relatives. With health and strength and a fair start in the race for life she will reach every milestone of success. Nor wear out or grow discouraged by the way; and not infrequently she will outrun her vaunting brother, and even stop to lend him a helping hand.

The properly-balanced, well-educated girl is aware that she can do one thing well and she bends all her energies towards its accomplishment. She concentrates all her forces, instead of scattering them, and has something to show for it. She is the best accountant or the cleverest writer, or the most successful saleswoman, or the hardest worker in the sciences—music, physics, law—whatever her talent destines her for. She studies with an aim, and understands what she learns. Her mind is a storehouse, not a sieve, and she endeavors to absorb quality rather than quantity, and comprehend to her own enlightenment what she studies. The wretched system of forced culture in which a girl learns a little French and Latin, a smattering of mathematics, a glance at polite literature, and a great deal of poor piano playing, has been abandoned in favor of a more sensible curriculum commensurate with her value as a co-worker with her brothers.

Smoking Sisters.

As I sit writing, I can see an open window, and a little way off a fair girl smoking a cigarette. She puts it to her lips, draws a fair mouthful of smoke, and puffs it out in a faint blue cloud from nostrils and lips. Morally speaking, there is no crime in smoking a cigarette, but I shall be sorry when it grows natural to me to see a lady smoking without noticing it. There is a species of wickedness in it I rather like, but that is only in people whose wickedness is the most attractive thing about them. I don't know why smoking should become a man, and yet be unladylike in a woman. Some men are appropriate to cigarettes, some men are appropriate to cigars, and some are perfectly natural with a pipe. A dude with a cigar is overbalanced; a strong, bearded, manly fellow with a cigarette is incongruous; a little man with a big pipe, is ridiculous. But an old woman with a short clay pipe takes the cake.

The Glamour of Poison Ivy.

"Beautiful leaves of the dying year," Aurelia murmured, pressing them tenderly to her lips, "glamour of crimson and gold, dream of the sleeping autumn." And then she gathered a few more clusters of rhus toxicodendron and went home and pressed them in the Bible and dictionary, where they wouldn't be disturbed for two months. And the next morning one of her eyes were shut and the other was going, her nose was as big as a pear, red as a new wagon, and shining like a peeled onion. Her cheeks were mottled and her whole face looked like the glamour of an autumn hill side on a "hurrah." The glamour and dreamy beauty of this autumn leaf business usually fades into a bitter recollection when she who gets the leaves gets left. [E.]

A Terror.

There is a young English woman in Manitoba who is the terror of the whole male sex of that region. She came over only a few months ago, landed a perfect stranger, and since then she has not only succeeded in getting a husband for herself, but mates for one hundred and seventeen of her unmarried countrywomen also. [E.]

"Yes."

A little rain.	A sky of gold.
The sun again.	The story told.
A shadow.	A lover.
A summer day.	A fair sweet maid.
Some new-mown hay.	A short word said.
A meadow.	What is it?
A girlish face.	I try my fate.
A matchless grace.	And not too late.
And beauty.	To miss it.
We spend the day	The years have gone.
In making hay.	And still lives on.
Sweet duty.	That lover.
Some fading flowers.	He loves always.
Some happy hours.	As days and days.
But fleeting.	Pass over.
A week of rain.	A loving wife.
And still again.	Along, long life.
A meeting.	Together.
One quick shy look.	Have made him bless.
Aripping brook.	That shy sweet "Yes."
Same cover.	Forever.

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Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

MAUD—"Isn't this a queer title for a book, mother? 'Not like Other Girls?' I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?"

MOTHER—"I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlor to read novels." [Life.]

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. W. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscesses on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles I found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite and a gain in flesh of forty-eight pounds."

Call at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung diseases. Large size, \$1.

Mrs. Wicks—"This paper says Sir Moses Montefiore, now one hundred years of age, has never believed in early rising."

Mr. Wicks—"My gracious! I want to cut that out and paste it in my hat." "You indeed! Why, you never get up until compelled to. What do you want to waste it in your hat for?" "So the cook won't see it." [E.]

One of the Lions.

Of New York is CRITTENTON'S immense Medicine Warehouse, and this "lion" establishment has its lion preparation—HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TARTAR for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza and Bronchitis. No Medical agent introduced during the present century has created a more profound sensation among all classes of the community than this absolute specific for all ordinary affections of the organs of respiration. Sold by druggists everywhere at 25c, 50c, and \$1. Great saving to purchase large size. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

"How in the world can you content yourself to live in this dead-and-alive place?" asked the city visitor of her country cousin. "I know I should die if I had to stay here." "Well," replied the rustic relative, "I suppose I should, too; but then the city folks ain't here only a few weeks a year, you know."

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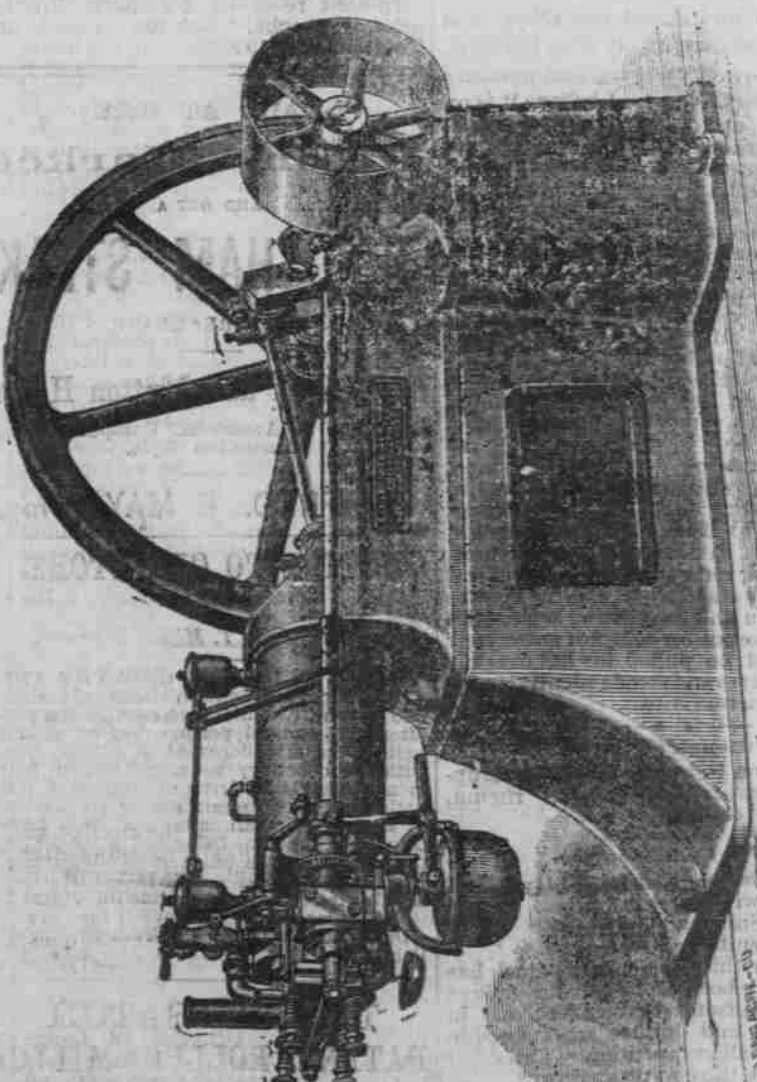
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